Shallow Come on, come on, come on ſir, giue me your hand ſir, giue me your hand ſir, an early ſtirrer, by the Roode: and how dooth my good coſin Silens?

Silence Good morrow good coſin Shallow.

Shallow And how dooth my cooſin your bed-fellowe? and your fayreſt daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Silens Alas, a blacke wooſel, coſin Shallow.

Shallow By yea, and no ſir: I dare ſaye my cooſin William is become a good ſcholler, he is at Oxford ſtill, is hee not?

Silens Indeede ſir to my coſt.

Shallow A muſt then to the Innes a court ſhortly: I was once of Clements Inne, where I thinke they will talke of mad Shallow yet.

Silens You were cald Luſty Shallow then, coſin.

Shallow By the maſſe I was cald any thing, and I would haue done any thing indeed too, and roundly too: there was I, and little Iohn Doyt of Stafford-ſhire, and Blacke George Barnes, and Francis Picke-bone, and Will Squele a Cotſole man, you had not ſoure ſuch ſwinge-bucklers in al the Innes a court againe: and I may ſay to you, we knew where the bona robes were, and had the beſt of them all at commaundement: then was Iacke Falſtaffe (now ſir Iohn) a boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

Silens Cooſin, this ſir Iohn that comes hither anone about ſouldiers?

Shall. The ſame (ſir Iohn) the very ſame, I ſee him breake Skoggins head at the Court gate, when a was a Cracke, not thus high: and the very ſame day did I fight with one Samſon Stockefiſh a Fruiterer behinde Greyes Inne: Ieſu, Ieſu, the mad dayes that I haue ſpent! and to ſee how many of my olde acquaintance are dead.

Silens We ſhall all follow, cooſin.

Shal. Certaine, tis certaine, very ſure, very ſure, death (as the Pſalmiſt

Pſalmiſt ſaith) is certaine to all, all ſhall die. How a good yoke of bullockes at Samforth faire?

Silens By my troth I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine: Is olde Dooble of your towne liuing yet?

Silens Dead ſir.

Shal. Ieſu, Ieſu, dead! a drew a good bow, and dead? a ſhot a fine ſhoote: Iohn a Gaunt loued him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a would haue clapt ith clowt at twelue ſcore, and caried you a forehand ſhaft a fourteene and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a mans heart good to ſee. How a ſcore of Ewes now?

Silens Thereafter as they be, a ſcore of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde Dooble dead?

Silens Heere come twoo of ſir Iohn Falſtaffes men, as I thinke.

Enter Bardolfe, and one with him.

Good morrow honeſt gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Iuſtice Shallow?

Shall. I am Robert Shallow ſir, a poore Eſquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iuſtices of the Peace: what is your pleaſure with me?

Bard. My Captaine, ſir, commends him to you, my Captaine ſir Iohn Falſtaffe, a tall gentleman, by heauen, and a moſt gallant Leader.

Shall. He greets me wel, ſir, I knew him a good backſword man: how doth the good knight? may I aske how my Ladie his wife doth?

Bar. Sir, pardon, a ſouldiour is better accommodate than with a wife.

Shallow It is well ſayde in faith ſir, and it is well ſayde indeede too, better accommodated, it is good, yea in deede is

it,